

THE ICEBERG'S SECRET

By M. QUAD

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had been driven below Cape hundreds of miles by a fierce gale blowing eleven successive days and nights. One morning we found ourselves among the ice and almost adrift. The gale had blown out, but the situation was one of the most perilous for the best seamanship and keenest vigilance. Only steamers and exploring vessels get as far as we found our position to be by accident. During the days we were putting the bark up we were packed in a field extending as far as the eye could reach every hand; and even had we a twin screw steamer I doubt if we could have worked clear of it. The ice broken from the coast of Greenland, and some of the cakes a good twelve feet thick and as hard as flint. On the fourth day we found ourselves down among six or eight great bergs, and the boats were provided with other preparations made to the bark at a moment's notice. Odds would be a thousand to one the boats would be ground to pieces in ten minutes, but we had to try. While we helplessly waited a berg struck a berg which was estimated to be a solid cube measuring 2,000 yards on every front and rising up over a hundred feet high. It was a grand crash, and the berg began to slowly topple. It was like a falling, only much slower. It took a minute for that monstrous cube to reach the top, and as the top reached the water the mass cracked in twain like a report like the firing of a cannon. The sea kicked up gradually, and a wide lane in the icefield, and the bark was headed in and had clear way for ten miles before we found passage blocked by one of the big bergs ever set afloat. Had that been measured I should have had wonderful figures to set down, but it was impossible for us to



PUT OUT AN ICE ANCHOR AND MADE FAST.

than guess at its dimensions. The waves had squared its four sides great extent, but above their wash the berg was full of hills, valleys and bays, and it would have been impossible to cross it. There was no way to dodge the berg, so we put out an ice anchor and fast to drive with it until an opening should occur. The side on which we were was as straight up and down as a wall, and though the wind whistling far overhead, it was felt to be on the deck. We passed a quiet night, and soon after sunrise the captain ordered to take two men and pass over the ice and get a view of the western side of the berg. If I found that it could be done, I was to clamber up the berg to the north for clear water. The great cakes of ice were wedged together in the greatest confusion, our progress was necessarily slow, and it was after two hours before we turned the corner of the berg and lost sight of the dark. I judged the western face to be a mile long, but it was not as the southern. About midway in length we came to a gully, up which we toiled for a matter of 200 yards. Then found our way blocked by a cliff fifty feet high. It was a cliff of course, though here and there could see a bowlder creeping out. The blue ice, almost as reflective as a mirror, and it would have turned the edge of an ax like granite. We were staring and resting, hot enough from exertions, when one of the men leaped aside and cried out: "He's shot! If there are not shipwrecked people right here above us, there are. And why haven't they been shot?"

And what we all gazed at her boat. "That was a sight few will ever see," said a man who had been at W. W. heads a man of gentle and tourist, an Englishman, was lying at full length on his back, his face toward us. One of the men had been up under him, the other had been fully dress-

were wide open. There was a rope around his waist, and that rope led back to the body of a guide and still a second one. I say guide because from their dress and looks I believed them to be such. One was huddled up as if his bones were broken, while the other lay sprawled on his back. The three of us had waved our caps and cheered before the thought came to us that these men were dead—dead and frozen into that dirty ice for heaven only knows how long. And yet it was hard to believe it. We could see every line in their faces, and every instant it seemed as if they would move a leg or an arm. We had brought a rope with us, and I managed to lasso a bowlder and pull myself up on a level with the victims. I judged that there was at least three feet of solid ice before them, but it was wonderfully transparent.

It was easy to guess what had happened. Somewhere thousands of miles away, where a great glacier crept down to the sea, the tourist had set out with the guides to explore, and snow or ice had given way under them and dropped them down perhaps a hundred feet. In time the crevasse filled up solid, and as the ice was pushed down to the sea a berg was born, and the corpses were carried away with it. One could not say from the dress how long a time had elapsed. We must judge from the fact that, though we reported the case three months later, the identity of the tourist has not yet been discovered.

We returned to the bark to report what we had seen, and I offered to take ropes and axes and blasting powder and return and secure the dead. The captain favored the idea, perhaps thinking it would profit us in some way, but circumstance stepped in to prevent me from carrying out my plan. As we were getting ready the berg began to revolve in a slow and stately way, and at the end of an hour the western face had turned due south, and such a sea was beating on it that no landing was possible. To make our way over the berg we should have needed wings. The movement of the berg crowded the icefields, and the result was the opening of a narrow lane to the north. We were watching and waiting for it, and the bark was soon warped in and sailed made. We were lucky enough to keep this lane until it led us quite out of the floating ice and further danger, and looking back as we sailed every man of the crew saw the figures as the three of us had seen them. The spray seemed to dash against their frozen faces and the waves to rant and growl like hungry wolves, but we knew they would not be given to the sea until their strange coffin had drifted out of that frozen and desolated sea into sunshine and warmth.

A Richter Anecdote.

It is not always the great conductor that shines as a composer, though unfortunately he often labors under the delusion that such is the case. On one occasion Hans Richter was present at a concert given by a brother composer, at which the latter performed a long and not particularly interesting work of his own.

When the composition came to an end, Richter expressed his criticism in a very few words. "Well," he said, "I, too, have written compositions to make a pile so high"—raising his hand three feet from the ground—"but I have burned them!"

Nicely Graded.

It is still a tradition that the people of Manchester, England, should gibe at Liverpool with the proverb, "A Manchester man, a Liverpool gentleman," but, it is said, classification is not so strongly marked in Lancashire as in the old days.

When stagecoaches were running, a guard was once asked, "Who has that gotten inside, Billy?" Billy consulted his list and replied, "A gentleman from Liverpool, a man from Manchester, a chap from Oldham and a fellow from Wigan."

She Remembered.

Small Mabel had received a parental injunction to remember at least one thing the minister said at church, and upon her return home exclaimed, "I remember something!"

"That's right, dear," rejoined her father. "Now tell me what the minister said."

"He said," replied Mabel, "A collection will now be taken up."—Chicago News.

Evidence to the Contrary.

Citizen—Madam, why do you persist in punching me with your umbrella?

Madam—I want to make you look around so I can thank you for giving me your seat. Now, sir, don't you go off and say that women haven't any manners.—Chicago Herald.

Stopping the Music.

"Yes," said young Mrs. Torkins, "Charley used to come and serenade me for hours every night. So at last I married him."

"Dear me!" rejoined Miss Cayenne. "Did he sing as badly as all that?"—Exchange.

Cheated.

Mistress (arranging for the dinner)—Didn't the grocer send the macaroni?

Cook—Yes, mum, but I sent it back. Every wan of them stims was empty.—London Fun.

Superstitious Brokers.

"Wall street brokers as a class are as superstitious as women," said one of them, "and there is hardly a speculator in the street who could not own up to some pet superstition if he would. I mean the kind of nonsensical superstition that decides his action occasionally. My own is about as silly as that of any man's, but as it has won me lots of money I am going to cling to it. It originated about eight years ago when I found a fifty cent piece on the sidewalk. It was the first money that I had ever found in that way, and I had a feeling that luck was with me on that day. I plunged on everything that I had been hesitating about, and when I settled up I found myself way ahead. After that I fell into the habit of keeping on the lookout for coins in the street. You would be surprised to see the collection that I have at home, for I have never spent any of this 'lucky money.' It now amounts to more than six dollars, and that first fifty cent piece is the largest in the lot."

"On days when I have found a coin I have pushed my luck successfully. Once or twice when I have hesitated about doing anything in the market I have gone out and walked around the streets, hoping to find a coin. I never have found one on such excursions, and each time I stayed out of the market, which proved to be the thing to do. I know as well as you do the foolishness of superstition, but I can't shake it out of me."—New York Sun.

The Lieutenant Governor.

In his book, "Up From Slavery," Booker T. Washington wrote:

"The temptations to enter political life were so alluring that I came very near yielding to them at one time. I saw colored men who were members of the state legislatures and county officers who could not read or write and whose morals were as weak as their education. Not long ago, when passing through the streets of a certain city in the south, I heard some brickmasons calling out from the top of a two story brick building for the 'governor' to 'hurry up and bring up some more bricks.' Several times I heard the command: 'Hurry up, governor!' 'Hurry up, governor!' My curiosity was aroused to such an extent that I made inquiry as to who the 'governor' was and soon found that he was a colored man who at one time had held the position of lieutenant governor of his state."

"I asked an old colored man to tell me something of his history. He said that he had been born in Virginia and sold into Alabama in 1845. I asked him how many were sold at the same time. He replied, 'There were five of us—myself and brother and three mules.'"

King Oscar and the Young Reporter.

On one occasion Oscar II. went to Gothenburg to attend a dedication or the opening of something or other where he was expected to make a speech. An enterprising reporter intercepted him at a railway station upon arrival to ask for a copy of his manuscript in advance in order that it might be published the same afternoon, for there would be no time for a stenographer to write out his notes after delivery. The king greeted him pleasantly and explained that he had no manuscript; that he intended to speak without notes. The reporter was very much disappointed. He told the king frankly that he was a new man and that his future standing with his employer might be seriously affected if he failed to get the speech. King Oscar responded sympathetically, motioned to the reporter to get into his carriage, and while they were driving to the hotel gave a brief synopsis of what he expected to say.—Chicago Record-Herald.

At Second Hand.

A Highland laird who could not afford to keep his own piper was accustomed to employ the village piper when he had company.

On one occasion, through some oversight, Donald had not been given his preliminary glass of whisky before he began his performance. Accordingly, he found his bagpipe in a most refractory temper. The laird asked him what was the matter with it, and Donald replied that the leather was so hard that he could do nothing with it.

"What will soften it?" asked the anxious laird.

"Och, just whusky!" said Donald.

A tumbler of whisky was at once brought, which Donald immediately drank.

"You rascal!" said the laird. "Did you not say it was for the bagpipes?"

"Och, yess, yess," said Donald, "but she will be a ferry peculiar pipes this. She aye likes it blawed in."—Highland Bagpipe.

Measuring the Heat of the Body.

By means of an ingenious instrument invented by Dr. Lombard of New York it is ascertained that a woman's body is warmer than that of a man by about three-fourths of a degree and sometimes as high as one degree, while in no instance has the warmth of a man's body been found to be greater than that of a female. It is also definitely ascertained that children are warmer than adults, the difference being about 1 degree F., the greater the child the greater the difference. The difference in the heat of the body is discovered by means of a law. The left side of the body is found to be warmer than the right, the neck is much hotter than the feet.

Her Brilliant Inspiration.

That the proverbial absentminded professor is sometimes ably abetted by his wife is illustrated by a story told of Professor Bunsen. One evening about the usual hour for retiring he took it into his head to run over to the club just as he and madam were returning from an evening call.

"But," said the lady, "I must have the front door locked before I retire."

This emergency staggered the professor, and as he looked bewildered at his wife the lady, seized with an inspiration, continued:

"I'll go in and lock the door and throw you the key 'rom the window."

This programme was carried out, and when he reached the club the professor related the incident to a friend as evidence of his wife's unusual sagacity.

The friend greeted the story with a roar of laughter.

"And why, my dear professor," he said, "did you not simply admit your wife, lock the door from the outside and come away?"

"True," ejaculated the learned man of science; "we never thought of that."

The climax of the incident was reached an hour later when, returning home, the professor discovered that the lady in her excitement had thrown out the wrong key.

Skipped the Hard Words.

"While I was in practice," said Judge Gates of Kansas City, "I was before the supreme court on one occasion. While waiting for my case to be called I listened to a lawyer from the southeastern part of the state arguing his case. He was at least 6 feet 7 inches tall and had a voice so deep that when he spoke it seemed like the rumbling of Niagara. 'I will read,' he said, 'from a work with which your honors are no doubt familiar—Blackstone.'"

"The judges did not smile, although there was a decided twinkle in their eyes as they glanced at each other. The man read a few lines and then said: 'There is reference here, your honors, to a footnote by Lord Granville. I would have your honors pay particular attention to this note because it is by Lord Granville.'"

"The judges waited expectantly. The lawyer held the book in front of him, glanced at it two or three times and then coughed as many times in rather an embarrassed manner. Everybody waited for several seconds. Finally he said: 'Your honors, I see on closer inspection that this footnote is in Latin, so I reckon I'd better skip that.'"

Her Chef From Paris.

"An American woman," says the Boston Journal, "who lived in Paris was famous for her cook. Her dinners were popular and celebrated, and the conversation was largely a tribute to the chef. The day came when she should return to the United States. Could the cook be persuaded to go with her? 'What! Leave Paris? Never!' But she offered him a salary that was incredibly, preposterously high, and he went with her."

"She had hardly settled her house when she gave a dinner party that she hoped would be sensational. Not one dish was fit to be eaten. The hostess, almost hysterical, after the gloomy meal was over rushed to the kitchen to find out whether the cook's art was a matter of Parisian atmosphere, and then, and only then, she discovered that her famous chef had never cooked a dinner for her in Paris; that he had got it all from a world famous boulevard restaurant."

Ill Clad Statues.

We sympathize with the tailors of Berlin. They may well be indignant at the way sculptors libel tailoring. If they have a Bismarck clothed in bad fitting garments, we, too, have a John Bright and a W. E. Forster portrayed in garments that would bring the blush to any tailor's cheek. Sculptors delight in folds and looseness, and what care they that the coat buttons on the left side or the pocket flaps on one side are half as large again as on the other. Buttons and seams are often beneath their notice, and so they perpetuate monstrosities such as no man would or could wear, let alone any tailor make.—London Tailor and Cutter.

For Their Own Calves.

A couple of young men were out fishing one day and on returning were going past a farmhouse and felt hungry. They yelled to the farmer's daughters, "Girls, have you any buttermilk?"

The reply was gently wafted back to their ears, "Yes, but we keep it for our own calves."

The boys calculated that they had business away, and they went.—Country Gentleman.

Theory and Practice.

"Dinglebat has original ideas about family government. He says every home should be a little republic, where universal toleration prevails and every one has a voice in the government."

"Yes, his family is managed on that plan; but he and Mrs. Dinglebat have the same old wrangle every day as to who shall be president."

Not Painful.

"Here," cried Oldham to his fellow lodger, who was starting for his holiday, "that's my brush and comb you're putting in your portmanteau."

"I let me have 'em. You won't mind my being bald lately." "No, but I can't part with them."—London Answers.

A Clara Morris Story.

Clara Morris related this story in McClure's Magazine of her production of "Miss Multon."

"The play had twice failed in Paris, which was, to say the least, discouraging. But after brief reflection I concluded I would risk it, and then, just by way of encouragement, Mr. Cazauzan declared that all my acquired skill and natural power of expressing emotion would prove useless to me, that 'Miss Multon' was to be my Waterloo, and to all anxious and surprised 'Whys?' he snaptly made answer, 'No children.' His argument was that, not being a mother in reality, I could not be one in imagination."

"Always lacking in self confidence, these words made my heart sink, but the ever ready jest came bravely to the fore to hide my hurt from the public eye, and at the next rehearsal I shook my head mournfully and remarked to the little man: 'Bad—bad! Miss Cushman must be a very bad Lady Macbeth. I don't want to see her!'"

"What!" he exclaimed. "Cushman not play Lady Macbeth! For heaven's sake, why not?"

"No murderess! I declared, with an air of authority recognized by those about me as a fair copy of his own. 'If Miss Cushman is not a murderess, pray how can she act Lady Macbeth, who is?'"

One of Sandow's Tricks.

One day in a London tobacconist's shop Sandow, the strong man, was landed some change, and in the middle of it he saw something that looked like a bad shilling. He pushed it back across the counter. "I think that one is bad," he said.

"Nonsense," said the shopkeeper, with an incredulous air. He took up the shilling and tried it in the little brass coin tester that was screwed to the side of the counter. Then he tendered it again. "It's quite good," he said. "I can't bend it."

Sandow smiled and took it between his finger and thumb. "You can't bend it! May I try?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the man, with a grin.

The strong man pressed the tip of his forefinger toward the tip of his thumb and the spurious coin bent like tissue paper.

"Well," said the tobacconist dumfounded, "it looks like a wrong 'un after all! Perhaps you will accept another?"

And Sandow did.

An Advanced Course.

"Oh, Mr. Johns," exclaimed Miss Gush, "I heard you talking to pa about plants, and I do so want to talk to you, for, you know, I am very interested in botany. I like all kinds of plants and flowers, as, of course, you do, too, Mr. Johns; but what varieties of plants are you particularly interested in?"

"The plants which I am most interested in," replied Mr. Johns, "are machinery plants."

Miss Gush looked mystified for a moment, but soon brightened up, remarking:

"I haven't got so far as that yet."—London Tit-Bits.

Alabama's Capitals.

When Alabama was a territory its capital was at St. Stephens, in Washington county. The convention that framed the constitution under which it was admitted into the Union was held in Huntsville, where the first legislature met in October, 1819, and the first governor was inaugurated. Cahaba became the seat of government in 1820. In 1825 the capital was removed to Tuscaloosa, and in 1846 it was again removed, this time to Montgomery.

Odor of Metals.

Gold and platinum have little or no odor, but the smell of many cut tin and of other metals is very pronounced. It is suggested that uranium furnishes a clew to the odors of metals, as this is a very strong smelling substance, and it is always giving off the so called Becquerel rays, consisting of streams of minute corpuscles.

More people spend their time in wondering why they are not loved than in trying to make themselves lovable.—Chicago News.

Fights are sometimes thrown, but battles are pitched.—Omaha World-Herald.

To Dwarf Trees.

To dwarf trees as the Chinese do you must follow their methods. They take a young plant, say a seedling or a cutting of cedar when two or three inches high, cut off its taproot as soon as it has enough other rootlets to live upon and replant it in a shallow pot or pan, allowing the end of the taproot to rest upon the bottom of the pan. Alluvial clay molded to the size of beans and just sufficient in quantity to furnish a scanty nourishment is then put into the pot. Water, heat and light are permitted on the same basis.

The Chinese also use various mechanical contrivances to promote symmetry of growth. As, owing to the shallow pots, both top and roots are easily accessible, the gardener uses the pruning knife and the searing iron freely, so that the little tree, hemmed on every side, eventually gives up the unequal struggle and, contenting itself with the little life left, grows just enough to live and look well.